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a coalheaver, the face of a Flemish cook and no top to her head under the liberty cap, that person of dubious sex, is now a definitely feminine and not uncomely person who wears a close-fitting cap to which wings are attached. "Liberty" is the inscription, likewise "In God We Trust" and "1916." But there is a little W behind the divinity's neck which gives much trouble to some people because it stands for the name of the sculptor.

Now there is precedent for the appearance of the initials of artists on coins of the United States, but, as we found in the case of the Lincoln penny by Brenner, there are those who regard such signatures as unwarranted. However that may be, here is another instance when a sculptor has been clever enough to run the gantlet of the United States Treasury plus the Mint, and manages to land an initial on a coin. They say that Yankees are pushing and even impudent, but the two sculptors in question are foreign born, naturalized Americans, with nothing of the Yankee about them. Mr. Weinman's dime has merit obversely, but the reverse leaves much to be desired. Here we have the fasces of a Roman lictor, symbol of the life-and-death power of the Roman magistrate before whom the fasces were borne—the headman's axe peeps from the bundle of rods. The latter is relieved against a leafy branch of laurel which detracts from rather than improves the design.

Few sculptors exhibit a feeling for the delicacies of medal or coin, the sense of proportion, the knowledge how much to place on a small round surface. In the Lincoln penny Brenner has made the head just a trifle too small; the designer of the new nickel five-cent piece has made the head of the Indian, as well as the figure of the buffalo much too large for the circle. We are slowly improving our coins on the artistic side, but we have a great deal to do in this matter before we can hope to have them what they might easily be made—little art works that will speak well for the taste of Americans.

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ZIGZAGS OF HEWLETT ABOUT TUSCANY

In his books of discovery dealing with nooks and corners of central Italy the author of "Earthwork Out of Tuscany" and "Road in Tuscany" pokes into nooks and corners of art and now and then pokes fun at art critics and historians who are guiltless of all sense of the ridiculous. He makes himself the champion of painters and sculptors whom the solemn ones—not content with placing in the second rank—have deprived of all command. Somewhat stilted in style, Hewlett is more readable than the ordinary overwrought British stylist. In his "Road in Tuscany" there are sticking bits anent Italian literature and Italian art. Concerning Tuscany he says: "If Tuscany itself was never a nation—as essentially it was not, but rather an estate of the Medicis—how should Italy be?"

Sempre la confusion delle persone
Principio fu del mal della cittade

says Cacciaguida to Dante. Where every townsman's hand was against his neighbor, the city was at the mercy of the most ruthless hand, and if, as mostly

was the case, there were two hands equally strong, it must fall to the foreigner. So fell one after the other all the towns in Tuscany to the strongest of the Medici; and so had fallen Florence herself to this most Florentine race.

"So much for character in Tuscan history; in Tuscan art, if I am not mistaken, it is the root of the whole matter.

"Just as Tuscan landscape is by no means pre-eminently beautiful, so Tuscan art, judged by the standards of Venice, Holland, Spain, fails in respect of body, form and abiding splendor, and Tuscan literature (Dante and Macchiavelli always apart) is trivial and diffuse.

"The charm of all three is character in landscape: the distinct clean colors—the gray, the cool blue, the yellow—the shapes of the trees, cypress, plane and ilex, and above all the buildings, which make the Val d'Arno a garden; in art the candor of the child, which every Tuscan is, though it make parody of tragedy and mystery play of the Christian verities, disarms the mind by stroking the heart.

"To look at the Tuscan picture, to judge it, is to feel your little son's hand at your chin at the moment you will scold. What can you do but give the sweet coax a kiss? And so in literature. There is a scent, an aroma, a pungency indefinable about the most frivolous Tuscan sonneteer, an orderly disposition in the conduct of their insipid novels—qualities which as a writer you must respect and as a reader admire; qualities which set rhymes and rhymesters apart. Other things may be better done but not these things. A Tuscan is always himself.

"Every field apart" remarks Hewlett "is a welcome field when once you can see the people who till it and those who go a-reaping there. Lastly, let technique and all such frippery be far from him. These things conceal exactly what he wishes to discover; they are trade secrets which amuse and instruct the trade.

"Let cooks delight in the mixing of dishes, but let gentlemen eat of them."

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THE NEW YORK WATER COLOR CLUB

This year's exhibition of the New York Water Color Club is very interesting and deserves a visit from every one interested in art as well as close study. Let us hope the public has not neglected it.

Some charmingly poetic things are there, worthy to hang on any parlor wall and likewise a number of amusing trivial things, not very good, not very bad. But, hilarious to contemplate, space is given to some degenerate Futuristic creations.

Why the jury of acceptance could not see that these degrading art dodgers lower the prestige of the Club and its members in the mind of a normal public is a mystery. Are they bent on self-destruction—as far as the respect of the public and its patronage is concerned? How many more artists shall there be, forced to starve before they recognize that the sane public respects only sane art?

Then there is the surprise of the Hudnut prize. Ordinarily the awarding of prizes in the current art exhibitions rouses no interest in any one beyond a few artists concerned and their friends. But at this